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For My Dear Sister Adelia
Christmas 1899.

F283
170

THE LOW-BACK'D CAR.

THE LOW-BACK'D CAR

BY
SAMUEL LOVER.

WITH ILLUSTRATIVE DRAWINGS
BY
WM. MAGRATH.



PHILADELPHIA:
J. B. LIPPINCOTT COMPANY.

1892.

MR 4392
L6
1992

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INITIAL DRAWINGS.

ENGRAVED ON WOOD BY CHAS. H. REED.

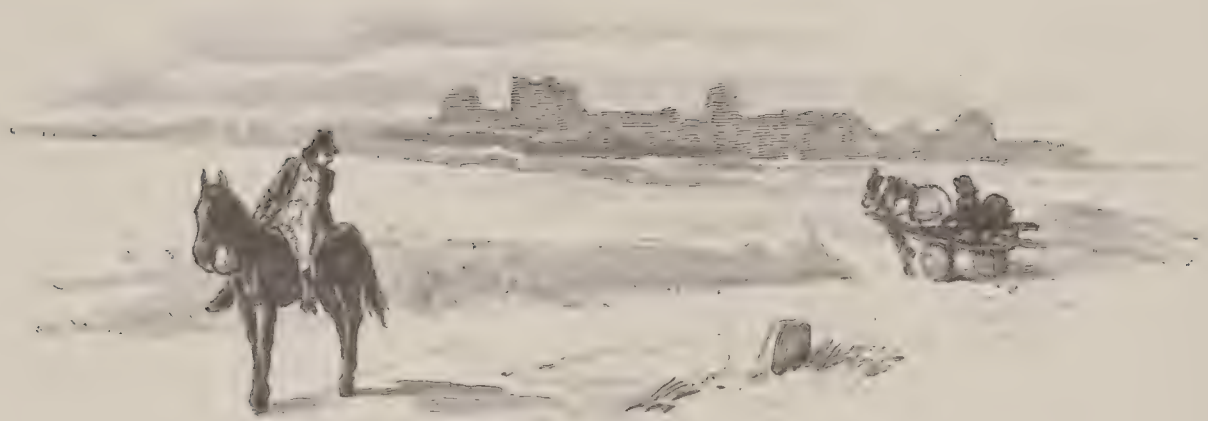


1. "When first I saw sweet Peggy."
2. "But when that hay was blooming grass."
3. "The man at the turnpike bar."
4. "In battle's wild commotion."
5. "As right and left they fly."
6. "Than battle more dangerous far."
7. "Strings of ducks and geese."
8. "The blooming god of love."
9. "The lovers envy."
10. "I'd rather own that car."
11. "The lady would sit forninst me."
12. "Father Maher."

FULL-PAGE TYPOGRAVURES.



1. "A LOW-BACK'D CAR SHE DROVE."
2. 'NO FLOWER WAS THERE THAT COULD COMPARE
WITH THE BLOOMING GIRL I SING."
3. "BUT JUST RUBB'D HIS OWLD POLL."
4. "THE PROUD AND MIGHTY MARS."
5. "HAS DARTS IN HER BRIGHT EYE."
6. "FOR THE DOCTOR'S ART
CANNOT CURE THE HEART."
7. "THE SCORES OF HEARTS SHE SLAUGHTERS."
8. "JUST LIKE A TURTLE-DOVE."
9. "ENVY THE CHICKEN
THAT PEGGY IS PICKIN'."
10. "WITH PEGGY BY MY SIDE."
11. "ON A CUSHION MADE WITH TASTE."
12. "TO BE MARRIED BY FATHER MAHER."



THE LOW-BACK'D CAR.

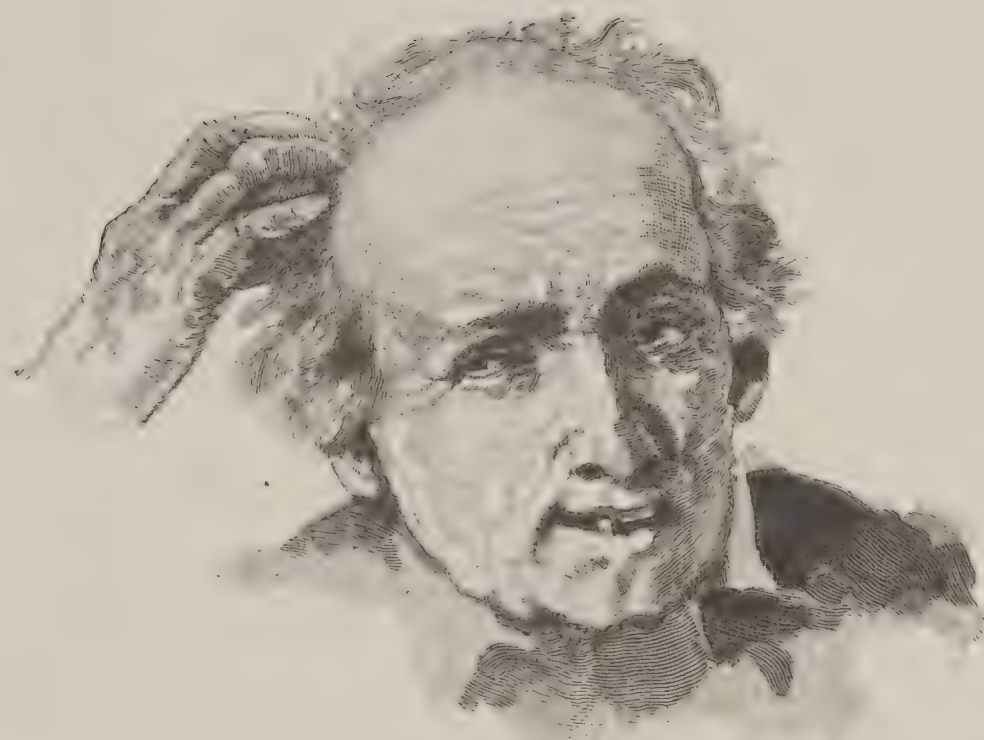
When first I saw sweet Peggy,
'Twas on a market-day ;
A low-back'd car she drove, and sat
Upon a truss of hay ;





But when that hay was blooming grass,
And deck'd with flowers of spring,
No flower was there that could compare
With the blooming girl I sing.





As she sat in the low-back'd car,
The man at the turnpike bar
Never ask'd for the toll,
But just rubb'd his owld poll
And look'd after the low-back'd car.





In battle's wild commotion,
 The proud and mighty Mars
With hostile scythes demands his tithes
 Of death—in warlike cars;





While Peggy, peaceful goddess,
 Has darts in her bright eye
That knock men down in the market-town,
 As right and left they fly;





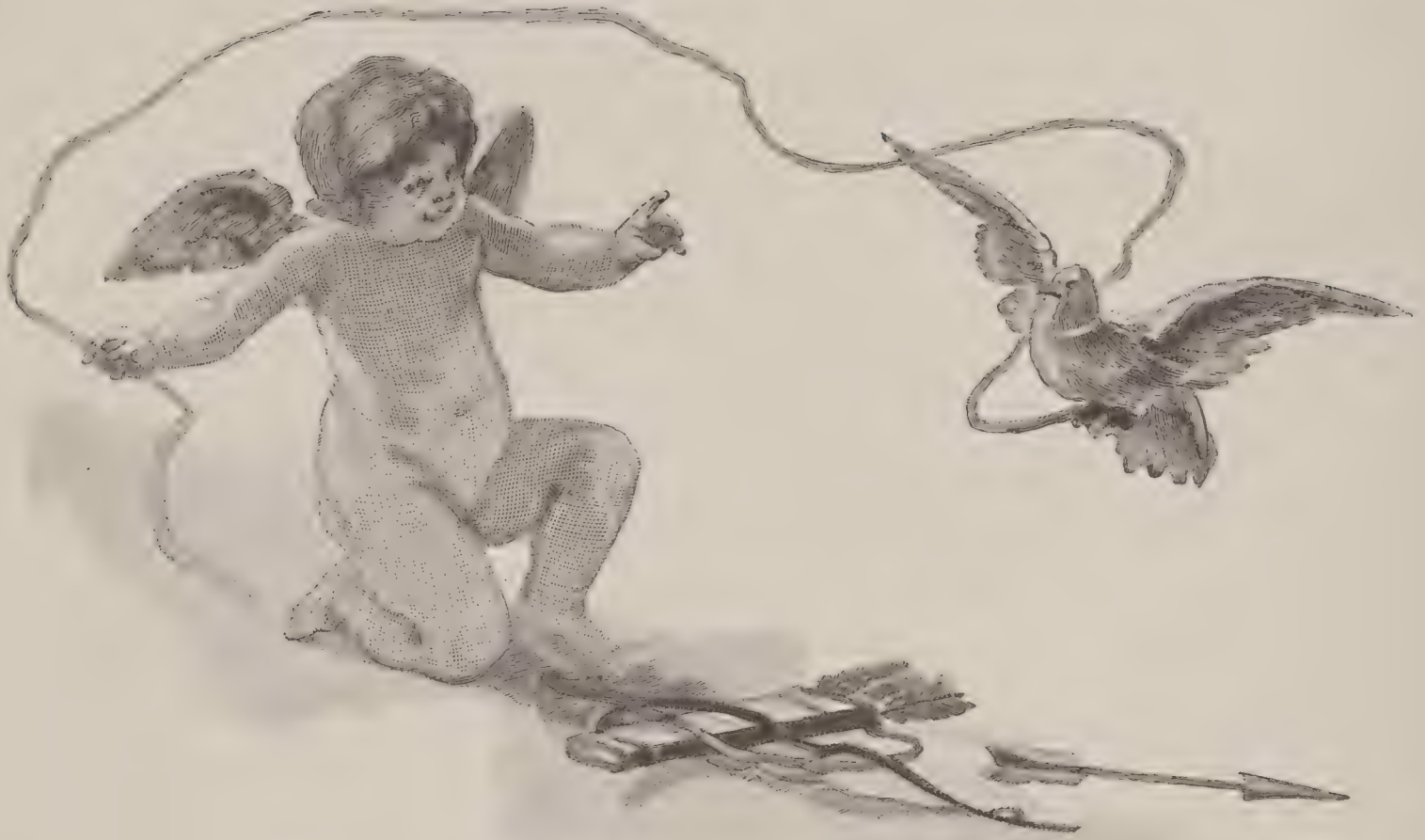
While she sits in the low-back'd car,
Than battle more dangerous far,—
For the doctor's art
Cannot cure the heart
That is hit from that low-back'd car.





Sweet Peggy round her car, sir,
Has strings of ducks and geese,
But the scores of hearts she slaughters
By far outnumber these;





While she among her poultry sits,
Just like a turtle-dove,
Well worth the cage, I do engage,
Of the blooming god of love;





While she sits in her low-back'd car,
The lovers come near and far,
And envy the chicken
That Peggy is pickin',
As she sits in her low-back'd car.





Oh, I'd rather own that car, sir,
With Peggy by my side,
Than a coach-and-four, and gold galore,
And a lady for my bride;





For the lady would sit forninst me,
On a cushion made with taste,
While Peggy would sit beside me,
With my arm around her waist,





While we drove in the low-back'd car
To be married by Father Maher;
 Oh, my heart would beat high
 At her glance and her sigh,
Though it beat in a low-back'd car.

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